

NATIONAL

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OCTOBER
No. 36

COMICS

10¢





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OCTOBER
No. 36

COMICS

10¢



EXTRA!

UNCLE SAM...

PLUNGES INTO A
WEB OF CERTAIN
DEATH
TO SAVE A ...
BRIEF CASE!

Boys!

FREE

5-POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART

540 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1703

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the outstanding Bull at 1 am. Not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name

Address

City State

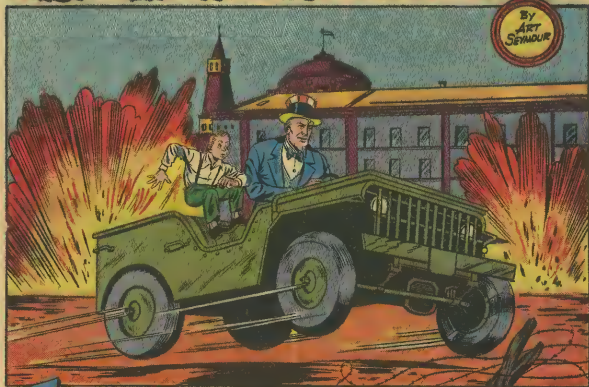
☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$5.79 (a saving of 17c)

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

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UNCLE

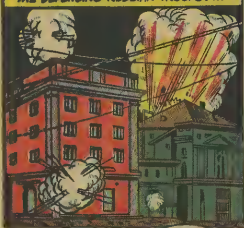
By
ART
SEYMOUR

THE RUSSIANS LOST MORE THAN THE TOWN! THERE WERE CERTAIN DIPLOMATIC SECRETS IN AN ABANDONED BRIEF CASE LEFT IN A HOTEL ROOM ... IN A HOTEL WHICH HAD BECOME THE LAST FORTRESS FOR A VALIANT STAND BY THE EMBATTLED SURVIVORS STILL HOLDING OUT AGAINST THE NAZIS!

UNCLE SAM PLUNGES INTO THE CENTER OF THE NAZI WEB IN A MILLION-TO-ONE GAMBLE WITH DEATH AND, INCIDENTALLY, LEARNS A FEW SECRETS ABOUT OUR FIGHTING RUSSIAN ALLIES WHEN THE HOTEL BIZUM BECOMES A MINIATURE BATTLEFIELD OF WORLD WAR NO. 2!

SAM

VIOLENT STREET FIGHTING RAGES IN THE STREETS OF BIZUM, WHERE A NAZI COUNTER-ATTACK HURLS BACK THE DEPENDENT RUSSIAN TROOPS!...



...AND BY NIGHTFALL, THE NAZI SWASTIKA PLAUNTS ITS CROOKED CROSS FROM A HOUSE TOP...



ON AN EMBANKMENT, EAST OF THE TOWN, THE RUSSIANS REGROUP THEIR BATTERED FORCES!

OUR GARRISON IN THE HOTEL BIZUM IS CUT OFF!

THERE'S NO HOPE! THEY CAN'T GET OUT NOW!



SIR, THE AMERICAN CONSUL WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!

SEND HIM TO ME AT ONCE!



I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE HASTY MANNER IN WHICH WE WERE FORCED TO DEPART, MR. CONSUL! THE NAZIS TOOK US BY SURPRISE!

I'VE JUST NOW DISCOVERED THAT I LEFT A MOST IMPORTANT BRIEF CASE IN MY HOTEL ROOM! IT MUST BE RECOVERED AT ALL COSTS!



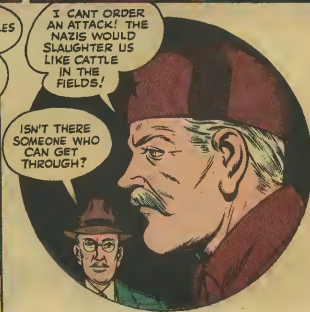
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE NAZIS CONTROL THE TOWN!

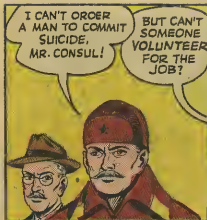
THAT BRIEF CASE CONTAINS THE SCHEDULES FOR LEND-LEASE SHIPMENTS TO YOUR COUNTRY! IF THOSE SCHEDULES FALL INTO NAZI HANDS, IT WILL BE A MAJOR DISASTER FOR OUR CAUSE!



I CAN'T ORDER AN ATTACK! THE NAZIS WOULD SLAUGHTER US LIKE CATTLE IN THE FIELDS!

ISN'T THERE SOMEONE WHO CAN GET THROUGH?





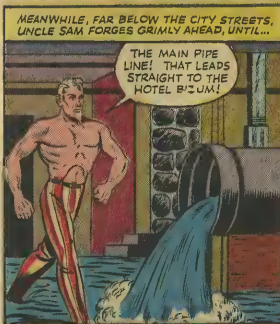


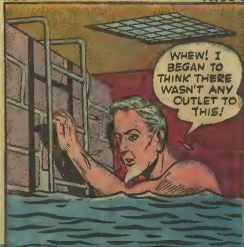
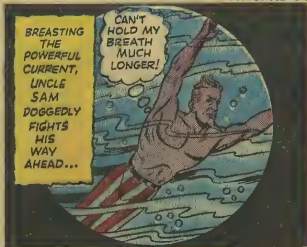
POST ANOTHER MACHINE GUNNER AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS!

YES, CAPTAIN IVAN! THEY SHALL NOT PASS ME UNTIL I AM DEAD!



WARN OUR MEN TO AVOID THE THIRD STEP ON EVERY LANDING! I'M SETTING CHARGES OF EXPLOSIVES TO BE TOUCHED OFF BY A FOOTFALL!





WELL, THE RUSSIANS AREN'T GUARDING THIS PLACE VERY WELL! ANYBODY COULD COME IN HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



I GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON!



THIS IS INDEED
AN HONOR! WHAT
BRINGS YOU HERE!

THERE'S A VALUABLE BRIEF CASE,
IN WHAT USED TO BE THE AMERICAN
CONSUL'S ROOM ON THE
THIRD FLOOR! THE
NAZIS MUSTN'T
GET HOLD OF
IT!

I'LL
GET IT
NOW!

NIET! ... NO,
NOT THAT
WAY!

WHAT'S
THE
MATTER
WITH THE
STAIRS?

WE EXPECT
A NAZI ATTACK
ANY MINUTE! THE
STAIRS HAVE DYNAMITE
TRAPS! THERE'S A
TRIP WIRE ON THE
BANISTER THAT
WILL EXPLODE THE
STAIRCASE ITSELF
AT THE MEREST
TOUCH!

THE ELEVATOR
SHAFT IS SAFER!
I'LL GO FIRST!

YOU BOYS
CERTAINLY
DON'T MISS
ANY
TRICKS!

THIS IS
OUR FRIEND...
UNCLE SAM!
TRUST
HIM!

THE NAZIS
HAVE FOUGHT
THEIR WAY
DOWN FROM THE
ROOF TO THE FLOOR
ABOVE US, CAPTAIN
IVAN!

YOU MEAN
THE NAZIS ARE
ABOVE
US?

YES! THEY
WILL ATTACK
HERE SOON!

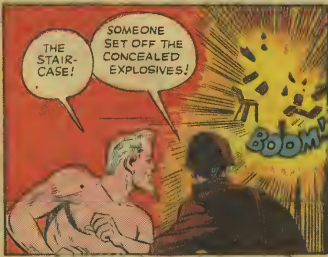
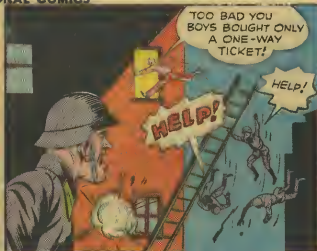
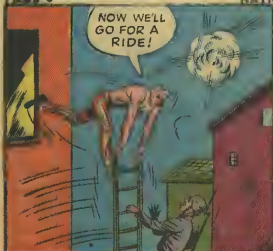
SUDDENLY A SHOUTED WARNING!

THE NAZIS!
HERE THEY
COME!

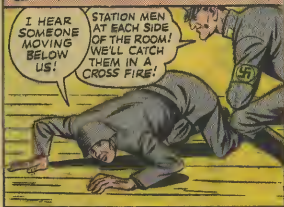
THEY'RE
ATTACKING
FROM THE
STREET!

ABRUPTLY THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BIZUM EXPLODES INTO LIFE, AS THE NAZIS STORM THE ENTRANCE AND ENCOUNTER WITHERING FIRE!





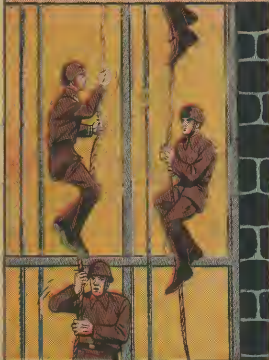
WHILE, DIRECTLY ABOVE UNCLE SAM...



STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS TEAR A PATH THROUGH THE FLOOR!



AS ACROBATS, THE MEN DESCEND THE ELEVATOR CABLE TOWARD THE NAZIS WAITING ON THE FLOOR BELOW!



JUST ONE LAST THING BEFORE WE LEAVE!

HURRY! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE ACTION!

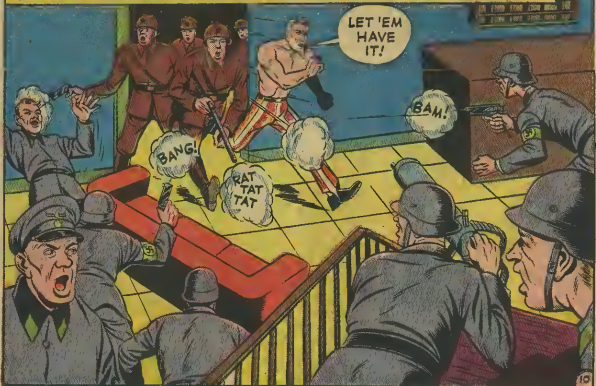


THEY'RE WAITING FOR US OUT THERE!

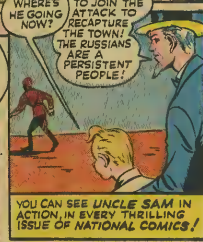
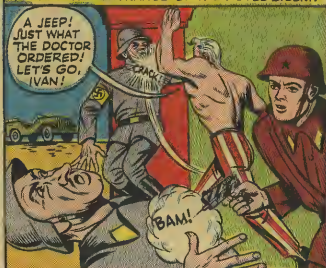
WE WON'T DISAPPOINT THEM!



YELLING A FIERCE WAR CRY, THE BRAVE RUSSIANS ERUPT INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY!

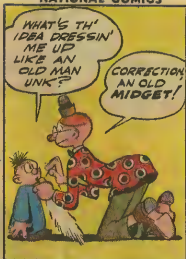


GIVING NO QUARTER, THE RUSSIANS BATTLE TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE HOTEL BIZUM!



YOU CAN SEE UNCLE SAM IN ACTION, IN EVERY THRILLING ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

WINDY BREEZE



QUICKSILVER

by FRED GUARDINEER



IN AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER IN ALASKA, QUICKSILVER BATTLES THE ORIENTAL FOES OF THE PRESENT DAY PIONEERS IN THAT FAR FLUNG NORTHERN TERRITORY WHERE JAP PARACHUTISTS LURK IN THE TUNDRA AND DEATH WALKS THE QUARTERDECK OF A GHOST SHIP IN THE YUKON.

IN THE MUSKIE WILDERNESS OF ALASKA, QUICKSILVER AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, SHOSHONE SEARCH FOR JAP PARACHUTISTS REPORTED IN THE VICINITY.



PROBABLY THESE JAPS ARE JUST A RUMOR - OR SOME TRAPPER HAD TOO MUCH FIREWATER AND THOUGHT HE SAW THEM.

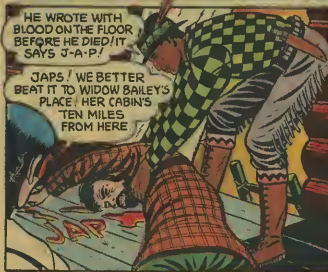
WE BETTER MAKE SURE. NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THE JAPS WILL DO!



C'MON, WE'LL INSPECT THAT HUNTER'S SHACK IT SEEMS OCCUPIED!



LOOK! A MAN...MURDERED! MAYBE THERE ARE JAPS HEREABOUTS!



HE WROTE WITH BLOOD ON THE FLOOR BEFORE HE DIED! IT SAYS J-A-P!

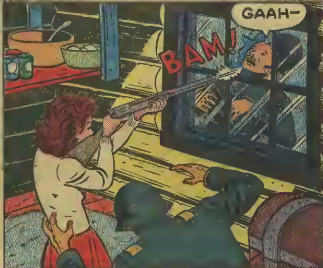
JAPS! WE BETTER BEAT IT TO WIDOW BAILEY'S PLACE! HER CABIN'S TEN MILES FROM HERE

BUT ALREADY THE JAPS ARE STORMING THE LONELY CABIN.

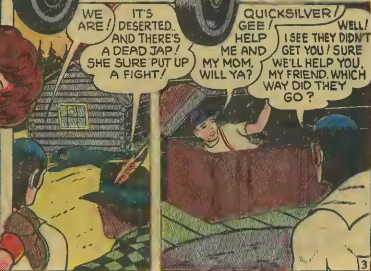
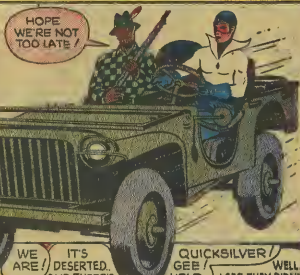
IT IS REPORTED ONLY WOMAN AND CHILD LIVE HERE - CHARGE!

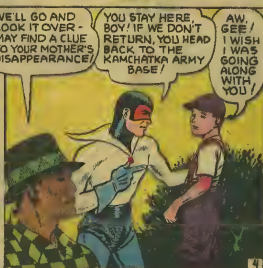
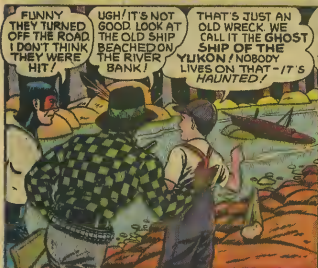
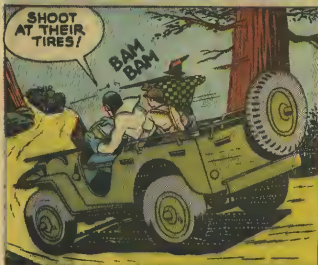
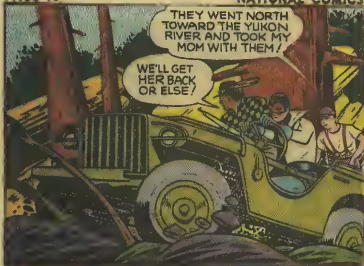
JAPS!





MEANWHILE QUICKSILVER AND SHOSHONE RACE THEIR JEEP OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS TRAIL.





FOOTPRINTS/
THEY WENT TOWARD
THE OLD
SHIP!

I GUESS GHOSTS AREN'T
THE ONLY INHABITANTS OF
THAT SHIP... LET'S GO / IT'S
DARK ENOUGH NOW TO
SLIP ON BOARD!

SH-H-H-
I HEAR
VOICES!



SUDDENLY
OUT OF THE
DARKNESS
A JAP
SENTRY
POUNCES ON
QUICKSILVER.

AH!
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
A CHANCE TO
GO INTO
ACTION!



GOTCHA,
MISTER
JAP!



THIS'LL
PUT YOU IN
THE LAND OF
DREAMY
DREAMS!

POW!



I'LL HAVE A
LOOK BELOW -

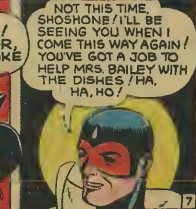
TELL ME
HOW MANY
SOLDIERS ARE
STATIONED AT
KAMCHATKA!

NO!
NEVER - OOOH!
STOP, STOP!
LET ME GO -
AAGH!

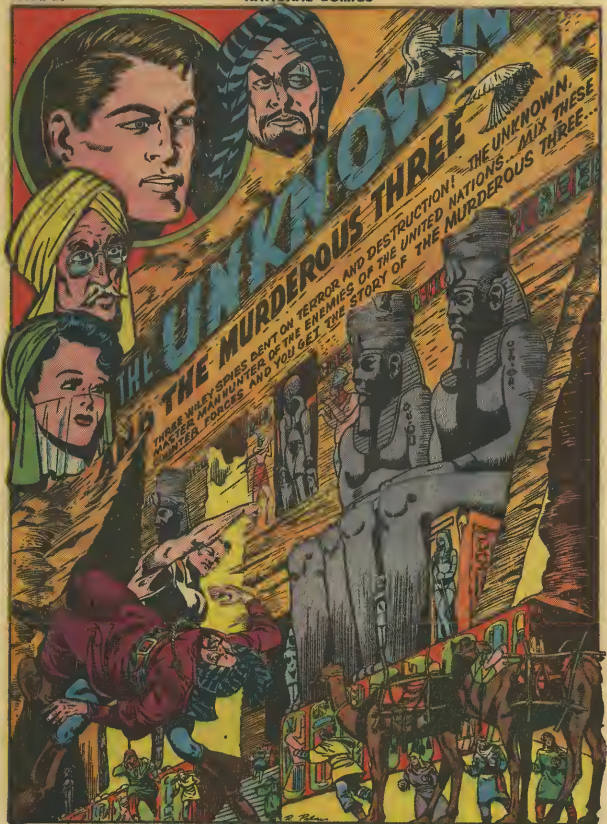




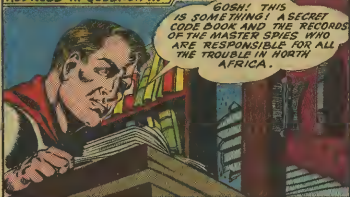
BUT FROM THE REAR OF THE JAP, SHOSHONE YELLS AN OLD TRIBAL WARHOOP!



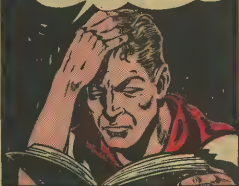
QUICKSILVER
STRIKES AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS



THE UNKNOWN, AT THE REQUEST OF THE ALLIED HIGH COMMAND - INVESTIGATES AN ADDRESS FOUND ON A DEAD SPY - OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CELLAR OF THE ADDRESS IN QUESTION ...



NH! THREE RENEGADES WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS EXTENDING BACK FAR BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THIS WAR.



PIANO CHARLEY - A TRAITOROUS ENGLISHMAN, BUT PRINCIPALLY A SAFE CRACKER...



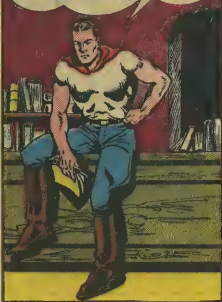
MARION WELLS - HALF CASTE WIFE OF THE DUTCHMAN - AN ETHERIAL BEAUTY BUT UNDERNEATH, A HARD RUTHLESS AND TREACHEROUS WENCH...



THE DUTCHMAN - NOW OR WHERE HE CAME FROM IS A MYSTERY - EXPERT EXTRAORDINARY AT FORGERY AND ENGRAVING BANKNOTES...



AND THEIR WHEREABOUTS? WHY THEY'RE ON A BIG JOB IN EGYPT, IN THE WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

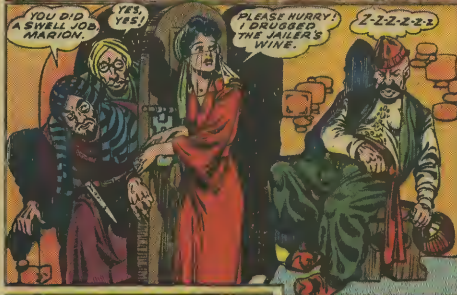


EGYPT - LAND OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE - VALLEY OF THE NILE WHERE STANDS THE FOUR COLOSSI OF RAMESSES BEFORE THE GREAT TEMPLE, THIS IS WHERE OUR SPIES ARE NOW OPERATING...





A SHORT TIME LATER, MARION HELPS HER PARTNERS TO ESCAPE JAIL.



THE NEXT DAY THE UNKNOWN RECEIVES A TAUNTING LETTER FROM THE MURDEROUS THREE TELLING OF THE ESCAPE AND CONTAINING A THREAT OF COMING DISASTER TO THE UNITED NATIONS.



AND THE THREAT PROVES VERY REAL! THE UNPROVOKED ATTACK ON AN ENGLISH FLYER BY JAPANESE. HE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES AND HIS BODY RIDDLED WITH BULLETS...

AND THE MUCH DISCUSSED TORPEDOING OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP IN THE PACIFIC...



AN UPRISING ON THE MEXICAN BORDER PLANNED BY THESE VICIOUS SPIES TO CAUSE FRICTION BETWEEN TWO PEACEFUL NATIONS...



I'M DETERMINED TO FINISH THIS BUSINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL AND AT LAST HAVE A PLAN.

FIRST A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CROWDED VILLAGE STREETS.

THERE THEY ARE! I THOUGHT I'D FIND THEM HERE.

WE HAVE A PLANE HIDDEN IN THE DESERT.

LET'S GO! IT'S LATE! WE HAVE QUITE A WAY TO GO!

AWHILE LATER...

HM?

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT LAST.

THE UNKNOWN HAD PLANNED FOR THIS TURN OF EVENTS...

THERE THEY GO!

ATTENTION! CALLING MURDEROUS THREE! I NOW HAVE A PLANE ALSO. THIS IS THE END OF THE CHASE... WILL YOU LAND YOUR PLANE OR DO I HAVE TO SHOOT YOU DOWN?

I SUGGEST YOU TRY TO GET US, MY AMBITIOUS ONE.

YOU THINK WE'LL MAKE IT?

THE UNKNOWN

UGH! THIS IS THE F-I-N-I-S-H!

I'LL FOLLOW THEM DOWN AND WATCH THEM CRASH IN FLAMES. A FITTING END FOR THE MURDEROUS THREE.

THESE ARE THE MAPS AND SECRET CODE BOOKS THAT I SALVAGED FROM THE WRECKED PLANE.

HM. THE BLIGHTERS! ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT- TOO!

GOSH YES!

DUGELY CLEVER OF THE MURDEROUS THREE, TO DISGUISE THEIR REAL ACTIVITIES OF SABOTAGE, BY PRETENDING TO ROB A TOMB.

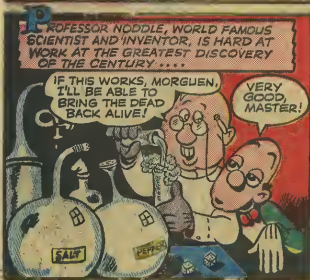
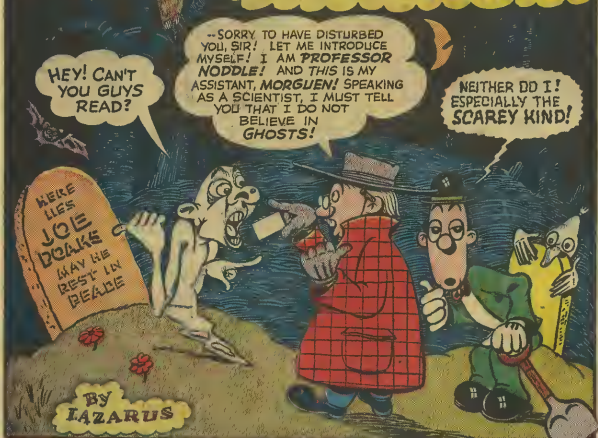
I'VE HAD SOME TOUGH CASES - THIS ONE HAD ME STEPPING.

READ ABOUT THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE UNKNOWN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

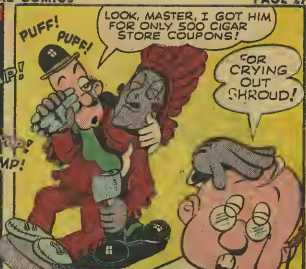
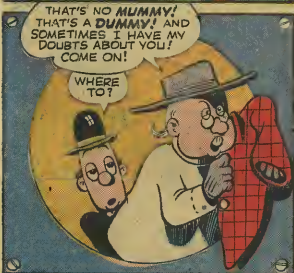
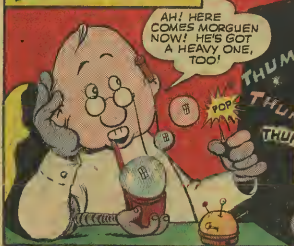
NATIONAL COMICS

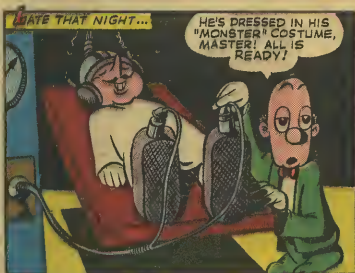
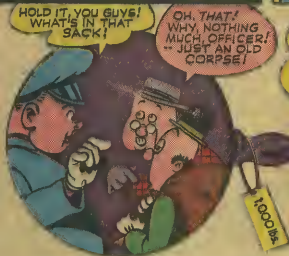
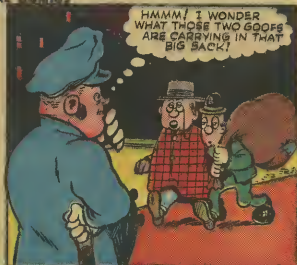
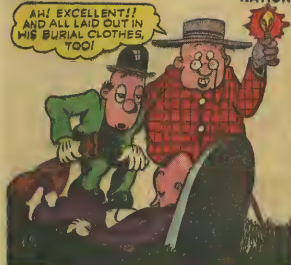
PROFESSOR NODDLE

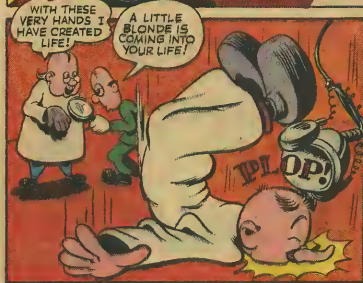
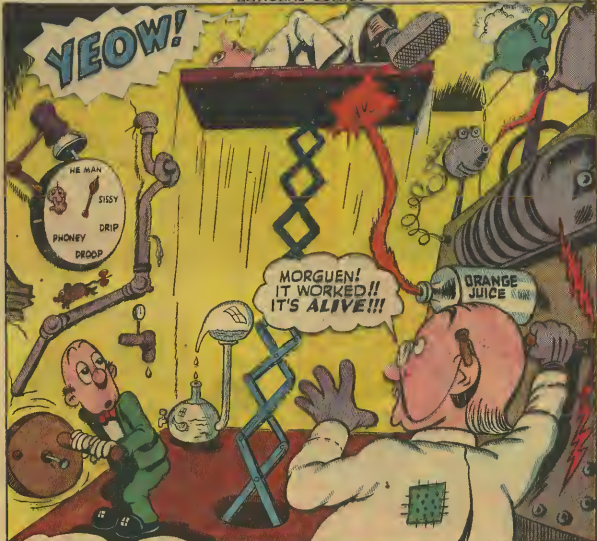
and his assistant ~ **MORGUEN**

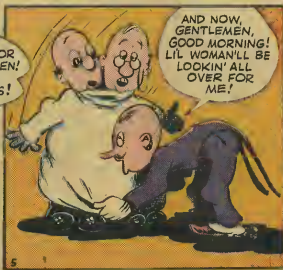
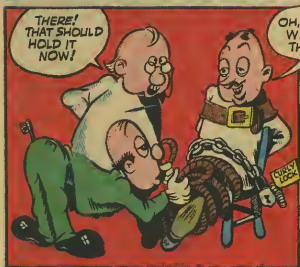
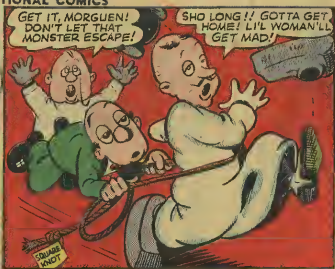


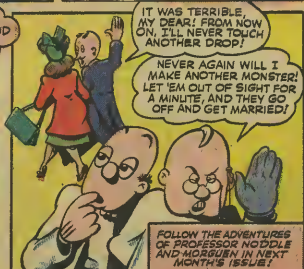
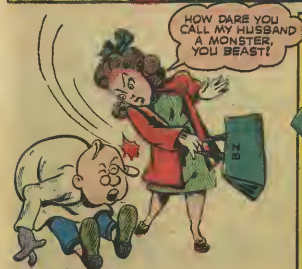
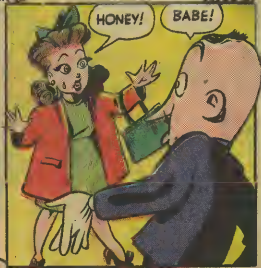
TEN MINUTES LATER...

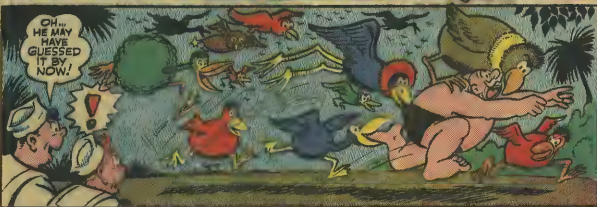
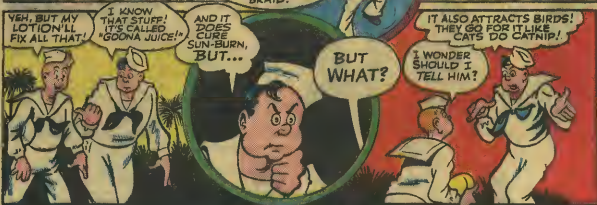
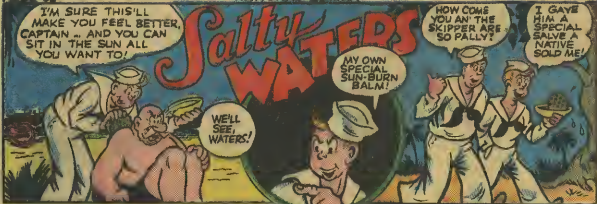












DESTROYER 171

THIS IS
THE STORY OF
A SHIP, CRUISING ON
PATROL DUTY OFF ICELAND.
IT IS THE STORY OF A
HIDDEN DANGER BELOW THE
WATERS THAT GIRD A LONELY
AMERICAN OUTPOST.
BUT THIS IS, ABOVE ALL,
THE STORY OF TWO MEN...
REARED IN DIFFERENT TRADITIONS
...SERVING UNDER THE BANNER
OF TWO HOSTILE AND WARRING
NATIONS!
AND SINCE THIS STORY IS
ABOUT THESE MEN, IT WILL BE
NECESSARY FOR YOU
TO KNOW THEM
BETTER...



THE FIRST
MAN IS
KAPITAN
KARL WILHELM
FELTIG,
COMMANDER
OF THE
SUBMARINE,
DEUTSCHLAND
...NOW LYING
IN WAIT
OFF THE
COAST OF
ICELAND—



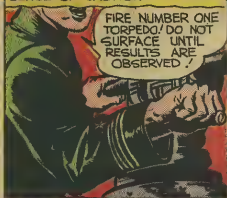
THE DEUTSCHLAND
IS AN ASSASSIN
OF THE SEAS...A
STEALTHY RAIDER
THAT STRIKES
WITHOUT
WARNING. IT
IS THEREFORE
FITTING THAT
KARL WILHELM
FELTIG SHOULD
BE IN
COMMAND—



BORN OF MIDDLE CLASS GERMANS, CARL WILHELM FEUTIG GREW UP IN AN ERA OF STRIFE AND BLOOD-SHED. HE WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO JOIN THE RISING NAZI PARTY.



HE WAS WELL SUITED TO THE WORK BY HIS COMPLETE RUTH-LESSNESS, AND A SAVING SENSE OF CAUTION -



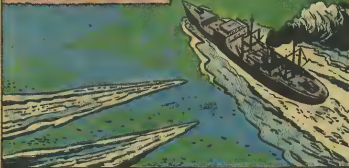
AT HEIDELBERG, HE RECEIVED HIS FIRST WOUND IN COMBAT. A RAPIER NICKED HIS FACE IN A DUEL. HE WEARS THE SCAR AS A BADGE OF HONOR, FOR HE BELIEVES THAT THE LETTING OF BLOOD IS A MARK OF MANLINESS...



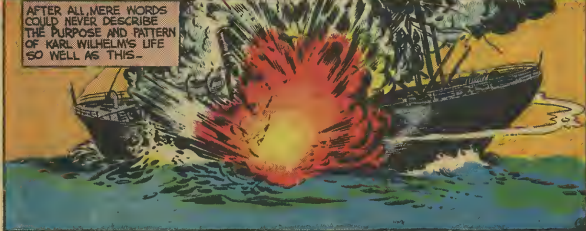
AT AN EARLY AGE, HE JOINED THE NAVY. AS A TRUSTED PARTY MEMBER HE ROSE IN RANK TO A SUB-COMMANDER...




THAT IS KARL WILHELM FEUTIG. THERE ARE MANY MORE DETAILS OF HIS LIFE WHICH SHOULD BE TOLD. BUT WE WILL SHOW ONLY ONE MORE...



AFTER ALL, MERE WORDS COULD NEVER DESCRIBE THE PURPOSE AND PATTERN OF KARL WILHELM'S LIFE SO WELL AS THIS -



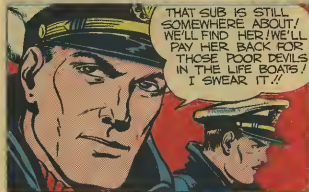
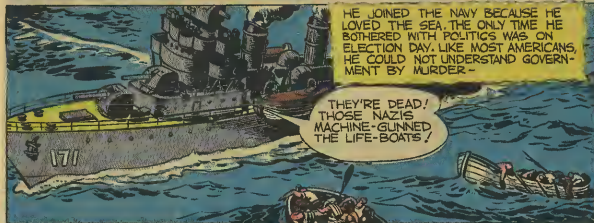



THE SECOND MAN IN OUR STORY IS THE COMMANDER OF THE U.S.S. PAWNEE...

LIEUT. COMMANDER HARVEY BLAKE WAS RAISED IN A SMALL AMERICAN TOWN, LIKE ANY OF A THOUSAND YOU MAY HAVE SEEN -



HE WENT TO COLLEGE BUT THE MOST VIOLENT SPORT HE EVER KNEW WAS FOOTBALL. HE NEVER MEASURED THE WORTH OF A MAN BY THE BLOOD HE SHED -

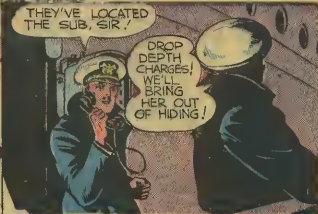



LET US WARN YOU, KARL WILHELM FEUTIG, THAT THERE IS NO DEADLIER FIGHTING MAN ON THE FACE OF EARTH OR SEA THAN A PEACE-LOVING LAW-ABIDING YANKEE WHO GETS MAD!!

SHORTLY AFTER THE SEARCH FOR THE NAZI SUB BEGINS -



THEY'VE LOCATED THE SUB, SIR!



A BARRAGE OF EXPLOSIVES SEARCH OUT THE UNDERSEA RAIDER -



AND SCORES A NEAR HIT!



WE'D BETTER GO UP, HERR KAPITAN! THE EXPLOSIVES LOOSENED THE PLATES! SEAWATER IS FOULING THE ENGINES!

YOU IDIOT! THEY'RE WAITING FOR US UP THERE!



WAIT UNTIL THEY'VE PASSED BY! THEN MAKE READY ALL TORPEDO TUBES!

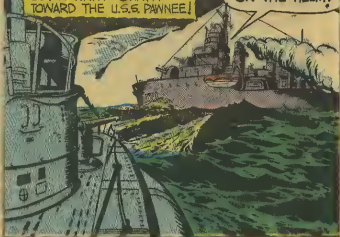
JA, HERR KAPITAN!



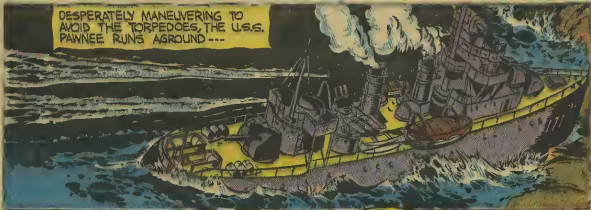
SUDDENLY THE NAZI SUB BREAKS WATER, A HUNDRED YARDS TO STARBOARD-



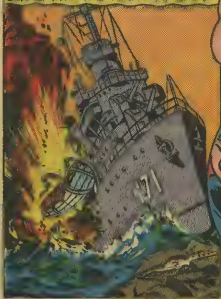
AND TWIN TORPEDOES CUT A WHITE SWATH TOWARD THE U.S.S. PAWNEE!



DESPERATELY MANEUVERING TO AVOID THE TORPEDOES, THE U.S.S. PAWNEE RUNS AGROUND---



SECONDS LATER ANOTHER TORPEDO SLAMS INTO THE HELPLESS SHIP!



THAT SUB COMMANDER WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES/HE LOADED ALL TORPEDO TUBES BEFORE HE CAME UP!



ORDERS, SIR! A TROOPSHIP IS PUTTING OUT FROM REYJAVIK/ WE'RE ASSIGNED TO CONVOY DUTY!

TELL THEM WE CAN'T MAKE IT!



ORDER UP A HUNDRED CASES OF GUNPOWDER! WE'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS SHIP OFF THE ROCKS!



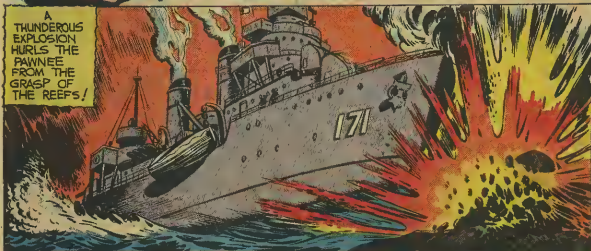
BUT EVEN IF WE GET AFLOAT AGAIN, THE SHIP ISN'T SEAWORTHY! WE COULDN'T STAY ABOVE THE WATER!!



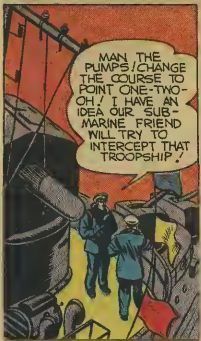
WE'LL STAY AFLOAT LONG ENOUGH TO NAIL THAT SUB, MR. CONROY!!



A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION HURLS THE PAWNEE FROM THE GRASP OF THE REEFS!



MAN THE PUMPS! CHANGE THE COURSE TO POINT ONE-TWO-OH! I HAVE AN IDEA OUR SUB-MARINE FRIEND WILL TRY TO INTERCEPT THAT TROOPSHIP!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE DEUTSCHLAND PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE TRANSPORT'S PROPELLERS—



THIS IS HER COURSE, KAPITAN! THE FOOLS ARE TRAVELING WITHOUT AN ESCORT!



EXCELLENT! SHE WILL MAKE A FAT PRIZE!



BUT AS THE
SUBMARINE
BREAKS THE
SURFACE, A
TERRIBLE SIGHT
GREET'S KARL
WILHELM FEUTIG'S
ASTONISHED GAZE



THE
DESTROYER!
ACH GOTT
SUBMERGE!!!

CHARGING LIKE
A MADDENED
BULL, THE U.S.S.
PAWNEE RUNS
OVER THE
SUBMARINE--



THE SUB'S FINISHED
SIR! BUT WE CAN'T
STAY AFLOAT MUCH
LONGER OURSELVES!



WE'LL MAKE IT!
THE PAWNEE'S A
FIGHTING SHIP...
NOTIFY THE FLEET
BASE TO ASSIGN
ANOTHER ESCORT
TO THAT TROOPSHIP!

THIS CAME UP
FROM THE SUB,
SIR!



BELONGED TO
KARL WILHELM FEUTIG!
I WONDER WHAT SORT
OF MAN HE WAS?

WE'LL NEVER
KNOW NOW,
SIR!



THESE TWO MEN BELONGED
TO TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS,
ONLY ONE SURVIVED, SO SHALL
IT ALWAYS BE IN THE NEVER-
ENDING STRUGGLE BETWEEN
FREE MEN AND SLAVES!!!



DESTROYER
171
APPEARS IN
ANOTHER
THRILLING
STORY IN
NEXT
MONTH'S
**NATIONAL
COMICS!**



Policewoman **SALLY O'NEIL**

By
AL BRYANT



IN A SORDID WATERFRONT SECTION OF THE CITY, LIVES THE QUEEN OF THE BEGGARS! ... A TWISTED, CYNICAL OLD WOMAN, SHE EXERTS A SINISTER AND DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE UPON ALL WHO CROSS HER PATH!

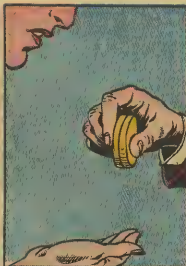
SALLY O'NEIL, ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE THE DOPE RACKET, FINDS HERSELF IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE BEGGAR QUEEN AND HER VICIOUS GANG OF BOGUS MENDICANTS!

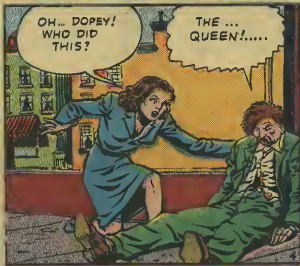
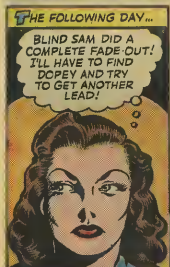
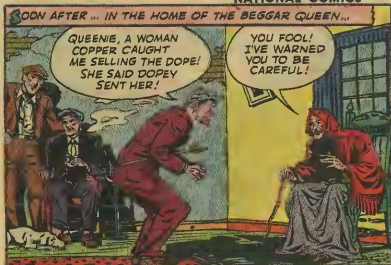
READ THIS STORY...
OF THE STRANGEST
GROUP OF
UNDERWORLD
RACKETEERS
EVER KNOWN! ...

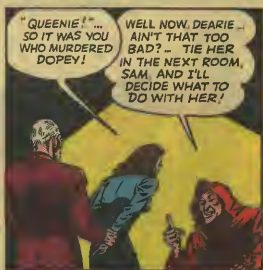
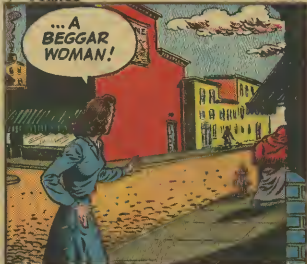


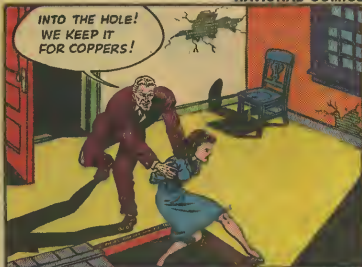
ONE WEEK LATER...



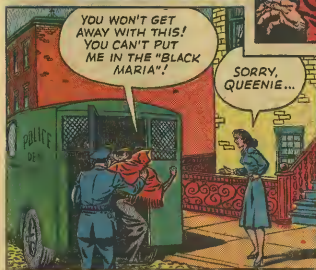
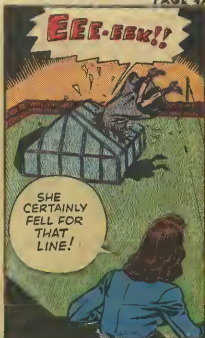
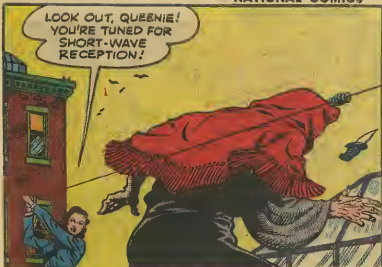












BE SURE TO READ NEXT MONTH'S
SALLY O'NEIL STORY IN NATIONAL COMICS!

SMOKE in YOUR EYES

THE cloud of Mitsuis darkened the sky above the small group of islanders. They had come out of nowhere and the land crews were unprepared. Talugi Island was the largest of the chain. And on it were stationed the largest portion of fighting forces, plus the entire twin squadron of planes.

Squadron Leader Randall Holmes dived for his ship, calling out to the others to pile in and meet the enemy. In a moment twenty-five ships were lifting from the field and in the air. But they never had time to gain altitude, and the Jap planes began a hot strafing from four thousand feet that caught the American fighters in a bad spot.

As Randall Holmes felt the lead slugs ripping through his wings and peppering the tail assembly, he thought with a somberness that didn't characterize him, "Why the devil don't they get us some decent equipment over here? Not even a listening device that will work. So they sneak up on us and blow us to—"

Randall didn't finish the sentence. A heavy-calibre shell smashed through his fuselage and exploded, blowing two-thirds of the ship's hull away. In a moment the entire plane was ablaze and Randall went overside. Floating down toward the blue vastness of ocean, he had time to do some more thinking. Not only did they need better equipment, they needed something else. And—

"I have it!" said Randall to himself. "I have it. Tomorrow if I have the chance I'm going to dope it out, too!"

The Japs laid plenty of eggs on the island group and accounted for at least seven of the American fighting ships.

"And all because we have no listening device. Or mostly be-

cause of that lack," said Randall Holmes bitterly the next morning.

"There's new equipment on the way even," said Dill Blakely, grinning slyly. "You know when we'll get it."

Randall nodded morosely. "If it's even on the way!" he snapped. "If it is, the Japs will have had time to wipe us out before it gets here."

They had done a lot of damage to the barracks and headquarters building on Talugi Island, and they had practically blasted two of the smaller islands out of the ocean. Not that the Nips were anything to boast about when it came to either dive bombing or straight shooting. They were plenty bad, but when a flock of planes come flying over, spilling eggs, a few of them are bound to hit home. They had been lucky in this raid: most of their bombs had found a target.

Randall Holmes and his remaining flyers did not stage a retaliatory raid on the islands held by the Japs four hundred miles away.

"Let 'em come and get us!" Randall said. "Maybe if they give us a little rest, I'll have time to get my scheme worked out, and then we'll be ready for them!"

Randall figured he had a real solution to the problem of combating the Jap air raids. The air was just right in this sector of the Pacific. He had a fairly complete laboratory, and he had the time to expend—if the Nips laid off for a few more days.

Randall worked hard the next two days, and by the end of the third—during which time there was not a sign of Jap raiding planes—he perfected the scheme with which he hoped to confound the Nip flyers. He made a few

tests inside the lab, but they were not what he had expected.

"Maybe it'll work differently outside," suggested Lieut. Moran. "Or maybe it'll blow away."

"That's the thing that worries me," answered Randall. "If I can't make this stuff hang in the air I won't have anything. It's a got to work."

Lieut. Moran said, "Why don't we test it right now?"

"Exactly what I plan. Everything is all set. Come on!"

They packed the equipment necessary for the test on a small hand truck and started for an area of the island where there were no obstacles. They had set up most of the apparatus when the siren screamed. Air raid!

"Come on, let's duck!" cried Lieut. Moran, suiting action to words. He made a dive into a clump of bushes, Holmes close behind him.

"Dog gone!" said Randall, "they would pull a raid when we're all set to try the gadget!"

The Mitsuis came over then in a droning V and began dropping bombs on the island. There had been plenty of time for the planes to get off the ground and this time the boys were ready for the Nips. Randall and Lieut. Moran watched five Jap planes burst into flames in mid-air and crash in the ocean. Two of the enemy ships came down then, with nose guns spouting hot lead. Several .50 calibre guns began snorting on the ground, but it is extremely hard to hit a plane flying at two hundred miles an hour and only about a hundred feet above the ground.

The strafers mowed down the crews of two anti-aircraft guns, but neither of them got away. The

effective shooting of the other ground crews got them just as they were lifting their noses for the upper air. They crashed, one of them landing on its tail not a hundred paces from where Lieut. Moran and Randall crouched.

The raid was over in fifteen minutes, and the few Jap planes that were not hit, got away in the gathering dusk.

It was getting too dark for the two soldiers to try their experiment, so they decided to put it off till morning.

The next morning was clear and a faint breeze came in from the west.

"Excellent weather for the test," said Randall. "The breeze is just about right. Let's get going."

It took them an hour to set up the apparatus and half of that to get the test started. But once under way, the wind took care of the rest.

Squadron Leader Mel Handley glanced below with a quizzical look in his eyes. "Now what the dickens is all that?" he asked himself. He cut in his radio. "Any of you birds know what that is downstairs?"

Negative replies came back over the two-way.

"Where the heck is Talugi Island?" one of the flyers asked. "It was there a few minutes ago, but I'll be darned if I can see it now!"

It was true. The island was nowhere in sight, nor were the dozen or more other islands in the group visible. All the flyers could see from the air was a vast expanse of ocean and, where the island had been a grayish mass of cloud.

"How the devil are we going to set down?" Handley said into the transmitter.

"I'm going down to take a look-see," said one of the pilots. He dived his ship and Mel Handley followed. The first pilot soon found himself diving through what appeared to be a thick smoke

screen, and he was forced to pull out because the dense stuff got no clearer near earth. His altimeter showed 600 feet. Mel Handley overshot him and pulled out at two hundred. Immediately below him he could barely make out what looked like green vegetation.

"Must be the island, or one of them," he said. "But where the heck is the landing field?"

Mel winged over and came back, flying at 150 feet, and this time he spotted the field. He signalled the others, ordering them to come down to 150 and keep out a sharp eye.

It was at this point that a flock of Mitsuis took off from a Jap carrier approaching the island some hundred miles off. The Jap pilots soon spotted the grayish mass below and it was a startled bunch of Nips who circled the ever-widening cloud mass. They dropped a few bombs, but all of them fell into the sea.

Randall Holmes went up then with a small group of fighting ships and they came on the Japs from the rear. Cannon and machine guns snarled for a few moments and a half dozen of the Zeros fell out and came twisting earthward. Then the dog fight was on in earnest.

One Yank plane exploded and fell through the cloud mass. But that was the extent of the casualties. By the time the remaining Japs were chased out of the sky, all the American pilots knew just how to burrow through the grayish cloud and land.

"The strange thing is," said Randall, "the darn stuff keeps getting larger and larger. There doesn't seem to be any way to stop it from growing."

"So what?" said one of the soldiers. "Let it grow. I think that makes it all the better."

The Jap fleet had moved in by now and was hovering a few miles off the spot where they figured the islands were. Consternation reigned aboard all their ships. Not one of them had ever

seen anything like the cloud mass, and they had come to the conclusion that Nature was in cahoots with the Yanks.

About four-thirty that afternoon the Jap fleet sneaked up close and cut loose a broadside at the cloud mass. The shells screamed across the islands and fell into the sea. Not one of them found a target. Yet the Japs were not going to give up that easily. They peppered away at the cloud mass, lowering their range, until eventually the shells were falling on the islands. The island gunners were at a loss to know how to combat the enemy fire. They could draw no bead through the smoke screen.

"I think your idea has backfired," Lieut. Moran told Randall. "We'll be blown to pieces and not be able to give 'em back a burst."

Randall had been thinking. He still had the smoke screen apparatus intact. If he could only—

Randall stowed the test model in the bomb compartment of a fighter plane and took off. He flew north, away from the enemy ships and when he was flying at a great altitude, he turned and came back over the Jap fleet. He had an extra parachute in the cockpit. This he broke out and fastened the smoke screen apparatus to its lines and harness. Making allowances for the wind drift, he threw the chute out, after starting the tiny fog machine going.

By the time he got back over Talugi, the Jap fleet was invisible in a dense gray fog. Now the tables were turned. The American flyers took off and headed for the second smoke screen, a few miles away. It was no job to drop their bombs into the small cloud mass below. Explosion after explosion followed the rain of bombs; most of them had found their marks. By the time the cloud mass would dissipate, there would be little left of the Nippon Navy.

There's little fighting back a fellow can do with smoke in his eyes!

CHIC CARTER

by
HANK
L

THE CASE OF THE YOGA YEGGS

MAYBE I'M NOSEY...
BUT THESE JOINTS
FASCINATE ME!

WITH
HAMADRABA
...
YOGI.

REPULSIVE REARDON AND
LOATHSOME LOUIE TAKING
YOGA LESSONS! OF ALL
THE UNEXPLAINABLE MYSTERIES.

SHHH! DON'T
DISTURB THEM!
THEY ARE IN
A YOGA
TRANCE!

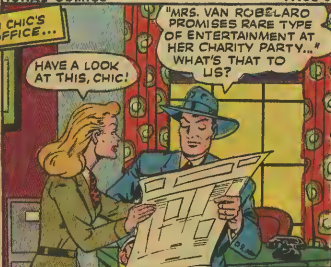
YOU'RE
TELLING
ME?

FINE TIMES WE
LIVE IN! MOBSTERS
PRACTICING YOGA!
WHAT NEXT?



IN CHIC'S
OFFICE...

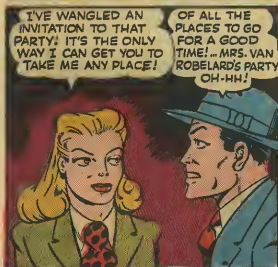
HAVE A LOOK
AT THIS, CHIC!



"MRS. VAN ROBELARO
PROMISES RARE TYPE
OF ENTERTAINMENT AT
HER CHARITY PARTY..."
WHAT'S THAT TO
US?

I'VE WANGLED AN
INVITATION TO THAT
PARTY! IT'S THE ONLY
WAY I CAN GET YOU TO
TAKE ME ANY PLACE!

OF ALL THE
PLACES TO GO
FOR A GOOD
TIME!... MRS. VAN
ROBELARO'S PARTY!
OH-HH!



AT
THE
ROBELARO
PARTY
...

SO FAR I'M
BORED... HOW
ABOUT YOU,
GAY?

I'M LOOKING
FORWARD TO
THE
ENTERTAINMENT!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE
PERSUADED THE GREAT YOGI, T. HAMADRABA,
TO COME HERE TONIGHT WITH TWO OF
HIS DISCIPLES.... THEY WILL DEMONSTRATE
THEIR WONDERFUL YOGA METHODS AND
THEN SHOW YOU ALL HOW TO DO IT!



T.
HAMADRABA!
WHERE'VE
I HEARD
THAT NAME
BEFORE?



CHIC-- SEE THOSE
PEARLS MRS. SONDEFELLER
IS WEARING! I HEAR
THEY'RE WORTH HALF
A MILLION DOLLARS!

THEY DO
NOTHING TO
IMPROVE HER
FACE!





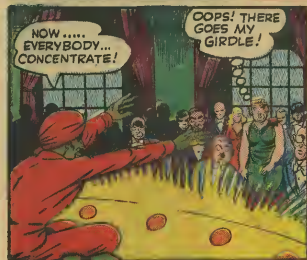
FIRST A DEMONSTRATION
OF A FEAT IMPOSSIBLE TO
PERFORM WITHOUT THE
MOST COMPLETE
CONCENTRATION...



AND NOW WE WILL SHOW
YOU HOW IT IS DONE! FIRST,
YOU MUST CONCENTRATE DEEPLY
ON WHAT I SAY... THEN YOU
WILL WAIT FOR MY COMMAND
WHICH I WILL CONVEY TO
YOU BEFORE COMING OUT
OF THE YOGA TRANCE!

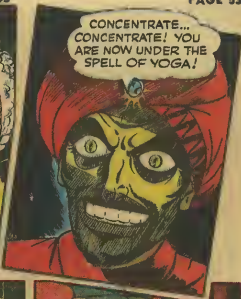
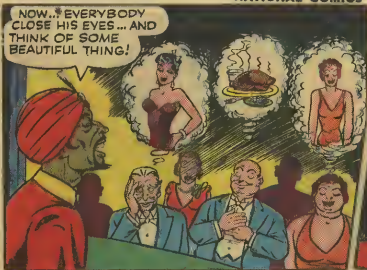


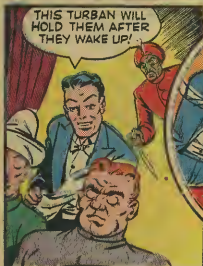
SOMETHING'S COOKING
HERE! LOATHSOME LOUIE,
REPULSIVE REARDON, A
SLICK FAKIR, A SET OF
PEARLS WORTH HALF A
MILLION... ADD IT UP AND
WHAT DO YOU GET? I'D
BETTER KEEP MY EYES
OPEN!



THIS IS FUN, CHIC! --
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A
TRANCE! -- WONDER
WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE?





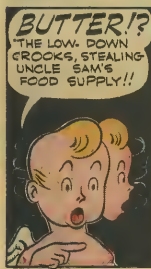
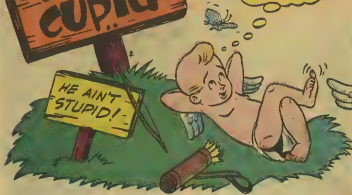




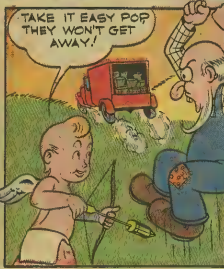
HE AIN'T STUPID!

WHAT A LIFE! NOTHING LIKE THE COUNTRY FOR A REAL REST!

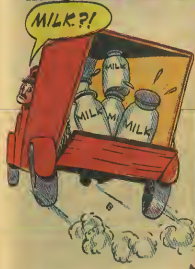
FRESH AIR-FRESH EGGS-FRESH MILK-FRESH BUTTER...



BUTTER!?
THE LOW- DOWN CROOKS, STEALING UNCLE SAM'S FOOD SUPPLY!!



TAKE IT EASY POP THEY WON'T GET AWAY!



MILK?!



COWS!



REVERSING FLUID-CHANGED THE BUTTER BACK TO MILK- THE MILK BACK TO COWS!

G-2

THE
OF THE
ARMY
INTELLIGENCE



THE
GREATEST
WEAPON
THAT CAN
BE
EMPLOYED
AGAINST
MEN...

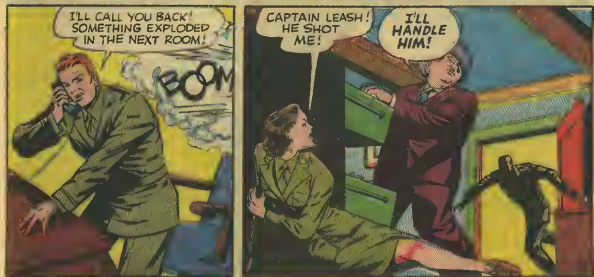
**A
WOMAN!**

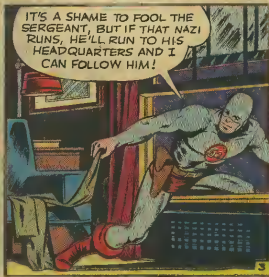
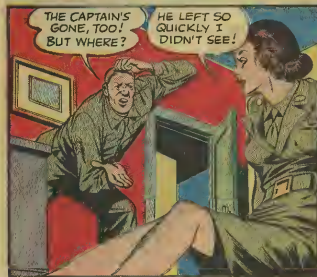
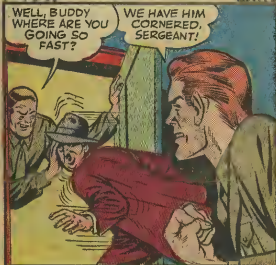


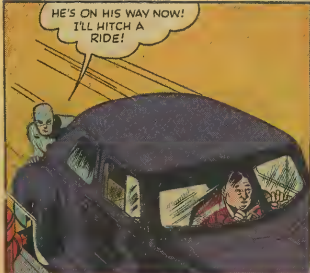


AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF CAPTAIN DON LEASH ... ARMY INTELLIGENCE...

...YOU SAY ANOTHER RUBBER BOAT'S BEEN FOUND ON THE COAST? THAT MEANS MORE SPY LANDINGS! FIND OUT IF--

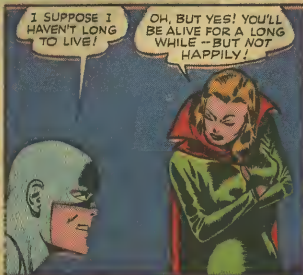
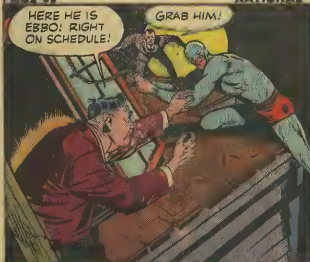






ALONG
A
WOODLAND
ROAD
LEADING
TO A
HALF-
HIDDEN
OLD
HOUSE...





I INTEND TO MAKE A
PRESENT OF YOU TO MY
MASTER--HERR
HITLER!

SURE OF THAT,
ARE YOU?



OTHERS
HAVE
TRIED!

BUT NOT THURA! I WAS SENT
WITH THE SPECIFIC ASSIGNMENT
TO GET YOU, G-2! I STUDIED
YOUR HABITS -- THEN SENT
KURT TO MAKE THAT DARING
ASSAULT AT YOUR
HEADQUARTERS!



THE DRIPPING ACID EATS
AT G-2'S METAL SHACKLES...

I KNEW KURT COULD
LURE YOU HERE! THE
ROPE WAS SURE TO
ATTRACT YOU! EVERY
STEP TOOK YOU
DEEPER INTO MY
TRAP!



HELLO, VON BARDO! THURA
SPEAKING! SIGNAL THE
SUBMARINE TO BE AT THE
HANNIBAL WHARF WITHIN
AN HOUR, TO TAKE AN
IMPORTANT PRISONER
HOME!

HERR HITLER
WILL HAVE A
WARM WELCOME
FOR G-2!



I GO AHEAD TO
START THE CAR!
BRING THAT
PACKAGE
WITH YOU!

SEIG
HEIL!



G-2'S SHACKLES ARE EATEN BY THE ACID!
--WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT HE GETS FREE!

COME,
HONORED
GUEST!

OR DO WE
HAVE TO WHIP
YOU ALONG?



A GUEST, AM
I? -- THEN HOW
ABOUT A FEW
PARLOR GAMES?



THIS GAME WE'LL
CALL "I GOT YOU
UNDER MY CHIN!!!"



BUT DON'T YOU
BE JEALOUS! I'LL
PLAY WITH YOU,
TOO!



I HAVE AN AWFUL
CASE OF **KNUCKLE-ITCH!**
THERE'S NO WAY TO
CURE IT EXCEPT BY
BELTING RATS!

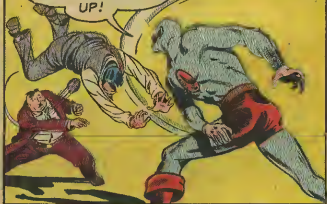


LAUGH, YOU YANKEE
SWINE! THIS WILL
RING LOUDER
THAN YOUR
LAUGHTER!

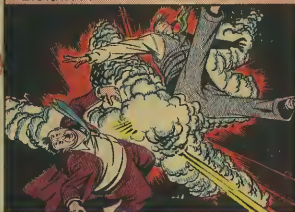
SO!!
A BUM
WITH A
BOMB!



THIS GENTLEMAN
SEEMS LANGUID!
MAYBE THAT BOMB
WILL LIVEN HIM
UP!

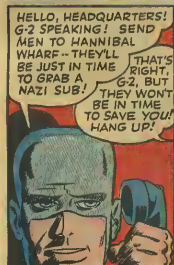
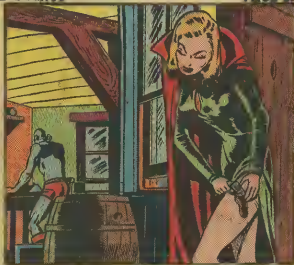


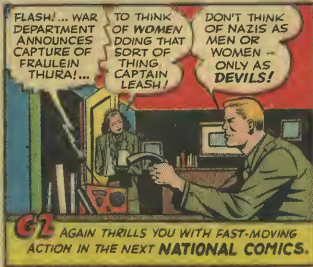
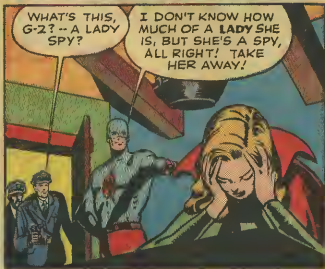
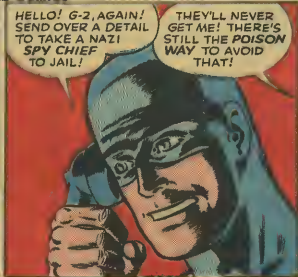
WITH THE 'FLYING BOMB BETWEEN THEM,
THE NAZI HENCHMEN ARE BLASTED TO
ETERNITY!



THAT BLAST! DID
THEY HAVE TO KILL
G-2? I WANTED
HIM ALIVE!







G2

AGAIN THRILLS YOU WITH FAST-MOVING
ACTION IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.



How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Man alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target? You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 32 inches. A real he-man flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wrist watch, woodsman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST-CARD TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: **Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.**

Boy! Oh! Boy!

**What MUSCLE...
What a BUILD... What SPEED!**

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With

STRENGTH LIKE THIS!

Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

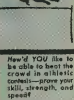
All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever devised.

There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must FEEL and LOOK like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!

How'd YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—in a fight, or in any emergency—ready for anything?



How'd YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?



How'd YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded?



How'd YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars or bars.

Read These Two Letters

from Jack Dempsey—

I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for any around physical development — power, strength — endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are miraculous and I cannot endorse your course too highly.

from

Bernarr Macfadden—

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every pay in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, huskier physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is BETTER than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me \$25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially paced Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-nine of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original BINDER-EASEL to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing and other subjects. I'll send you all the essence of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only \$1.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon, postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 in FULL, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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\$25.00 COURSE

Only \$1.95

FULL PRICE

FREE FOR PROMPT ACTION!

5 Inspiration Photo-Prints of 5 famous Muscular Champs. Size 8 x 10, suitable for framing for your room, den, or gym. Quick action gets them. Send coupon today and you get them FREE!

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80 WILLOUGHBY STREET
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY
Just Mail This Coupon

A new streamlined Power-Plus Course that's BETTER than your \$25.00 Hollywood Course! Send it now. I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree to follow your instructions exactly, and if I am not completely satisfied with results I understand I can return your materials and receive full \$1.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Age.....Height.....Weight.....

Enclose postage by enclosing \$1.95 in full. EF

Same money-back guarantee applies, of course.

Show this to Your Mother or Dad!

TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Undoubtedly, you know of me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Bernarr Macfadden speak for themselves. Sincerely,
JOE BONOMO

AUG 5 1943